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THE MISSILE

December 1916

Petersburg High School

Petersburg, Virginia

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Nihil nisi optimum

THE MISSILE
Published by the Students of the Petersburg High School
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA
Vol. VI DECEMBER, 1916 No. 2.

Love In A Garden of Happiness.

1.

Love in a garden of happiness grew
Reflecting its rays of marvelous hue.
Myriads of flowers grew lovely and tall,
Filling the garden with mysteries all.

2.

Peonies sprang up of wonderful sheen,
The violets nodded in beds of green,
Roses clung to the garden wall—
Birds in the tree-tops warbled their call.

3.

Love in a garden of happiness grew,
Reflecting its rays of marvelous hue,
Telling its story ten thousand fold
In tales of beauty that never grow old!

Helen Epes Townes, '17.

Letter from the War Zone.

ST. VALERY-EN-LAUX,
October 1, 1916.

DEAR MOTHER:

MY This is the first time in over two months that I have had a chance to write a letter. Seven weeks ago I was wounded —don't worry; it's only an arm—at Verdun, and I have just learned to write with my left hand well enough to attempt to write a letter.

On August 2 our company was about thirty miles from Verdun. We guarded the aeroplane base that was stationed there. As we were mounted, we were often used as scouts.

On August 4 I was given nine mounted men and ordered to report to General du Pont, who was a few miles from Verdun. I received this command about 4 o'clock; at dark I was ten miles from Verdun. In order to present my men and horses to General du Pont in a fresh condition, I decided to encamp for the night instead of pushing straight through.

At about ten o'clock I was awakened—in war a man is sleeping an hour after he stops for the night—by a buzzing sound which I instantly recognized as the purr of an aeroplane motor. Suddenly, when the machine seemed to be quite near, the noise ceased. In a few moments the silence was broken by an explosion which I knew must have been the aviator's gasoline tank. As the machine took fire I saw that it rested in a clearing but a few rods from our camp.

Strange to say—no, not strange either; the fellows were

dead tired—the noise did not disturb any of my men. Loath to disturb them, I started towards the burning aeroplane alone. When within a few feet of the machine, I recognized it as a German scouting aeroplane. A man was caught under the engine.

I drew near, hoping in some way to remove the heavy motor. As I advanced, the actions of the German seemed most peculiar. He made motions for me to retrace my steps and shouted to me in German.

As I could not understand what he said, I took it for granted that his shouts were only protests. I thought that he meant he would rather die than be captured..

I procured a broken limb of a tree and tried to lift the hot motor. The blazing canvas interfered with my work. Suddenly, as I reached down to remove a part of the engine that I had worked loose, a violent explosion took place. The last thing I can remember of that night was the dazzling glare that followed the ignition of the bombs that the aeroplane carried.

This letter leaves France on the same boat that carries me to England. I will be home in less than a month. What if I have lost an arm? It was lost while serving my king. What Englishman wouldn't rather belong to the Legion of Honor than have a pair of the strongest arms in the world?

Before going home, I must first go to London where King George himself is to confer on me that badge of the Legion of Honor.

Hoping I shall soon be with you, but still regretting that I am not on the fields of France, I remain

Your son, FRANK.

W. Earle Andrews, '18.

Rube Jones, Detective.

"AND NOW," mused Mr. Wiggins, "now for friend Casey. H'm. Boy! Oh, Boy!! Send 'at guy in. Wat's 'is name? Jones?"

Outside, under the gilt sign that read "Wm. J. Wiggins, Private Detective Agency," the said Jones was doing some talking too, mostly to himself.

"Uh-huh," he was thinking, "No more farm hand jobs fer you, Joney, at twelve a month. The wisest stunt you ever done was when—Huh? Oh, wants me? A' Right." The last to the office boy.

Wiggins had a way of looking his recruits over, first slowly, then more rapidly, then saying "H'm" as if he had swallowed a dose of something he could do without. So when he started in on Jones, the victim began to squirm and think that, after all, he wasn't a correct reproduction of the orthodox detective—a la dime novel.

Wiggins, after a careful note of Jones' make-up, cowhide boots, the uppers evidently hidden in his peg-top pants, and a pair of stuffed shoulders that Hercules might envy; about four months' growth of hair, with a small round hat firmly planted in the middle of the thatch and stray locks curling around the brim. Wiggins, with all this panorama before him, was driven off his course enough to mutter two grunts instead of the usual one. He decided that Jones was from—well, not the centre of town.

What he said was different:

"Mr. Jones, I judge you're an old hand at this job? Well, I want a man to land a stolen horse—stolen day

afore yesterday from a man name o' Casey, a farmer, lives in Jaytown. Rig yourself up to look like a country man"—grins from the boy—"an' git a job near there. Casey'll see ter that, and then you find the horse. But don't be gone over four days, any way. G' bye!"

"But"

"Clerk'll fix that up, fifteen per 'n ten if you find him. Good bye!"

"An' how 'bout—"

"Sure, he'll fix expenses too! Good bye!"

The clerk paid Jones his first week's wages and handed over, with ten for expenses, the information that:

"They was a home for Barber Haters down stairs." Jones only said he'd "never sawed one," and after replying that he "looked like it," the clerk gave it up as a bad job.

Meanwhile the Boss and the Boy were having a large grin at each other.

"Say, Boss, wat's de gran' ideas? Him? He ain't no ditectif!"

"Sonny," replied the Boss, with the air of one wrestling with a being of weak mind, "sufferin' from nothin'. If I send one o' my men out there, well,—stolen horse, mad farmer, new man shows up from Noo York. My Kid, even a rube could spot *him* fer a ditectif! But this guy, he looks like a rube, he can git a job an' work day times and hunt aroun' nights, an' no one wiser. That why he got the job. We only git fifty out o' it if we succeed, an' I only lose Jones' time an' expenses if he loses."

Jones, next day, called on Casey, and after showing his credentials persuaded Casey to get him a job on a farm a little distance off, and, at Casey's special request, Jones

was to be allowed to run around without question after dark.

Then Jones ran, but the first night he didn't find any thing in any barn within five miles—it never occurred to him to look further—so, next day, he started out 'cross country. Still nothing, until almost night, when he blundered into a Gypsy camp. A mighty idea hit him! He'd heard that Gypsies stole children, so he reasoned that, b'gosh, maybe they'd steal a horse!

All absorbed in the tangle of reasoning, he was caught napping by two toughs who advised him to make himself scarce around there. He did.

Next morning, about ten o'clock, when he reasoned that the Gypsies would be out on a raid after babies, his face appeared around the corner of a fence back of their camp.

The coast was clear—he could see a lot of horses, but none white with a black forefoot and black mane and tail. Prowling around behind a tent he heard two men's voices and he smelt paint. He knew one voice—it had said unpleasant things to him the day before—and so he looked under the edge of the tent.

The men were standing with their backs to him, and in the middle of the tent, with a mosquito net over him stood a shiny black horse.

"'Taint no use," urged one, "He's bin painted now fer three days, an' he's still sticky. Le's wash 'im off wit' terps, an' run our chances."

"An' wot chanct we got? E's knowed from 'ere to Lunnon!" replied the other.

Jones pinched his sides to make sure he was awake,

and just realized his position in time to hear the cockney say:

"Ave yer wye, then, but don't blime *me* hif it lands us in the blooming jug!"

How our hero watched for the first rub of the turpentine-soaked rag that would remove the black paint and show the white horse beneath! His eagerness caused his trouble. He pushed too hard against the tent, and one of the pegs broke off with a snap.

The scene that followed was painful—very painful—and the man who had said unkind things the day before said some more of the same, winding up by asking him what he meant by prowling about.

"An' I know," replied Jones, "ye stole 'im, didn't ye, from ol' man Casey? W'ite un'erneath 'at paint, ain't he?"

The two men looked at him, and then at each other. Then they grinned, and the more they grinned the more they mystified our hero. Finally, when the last echoes of the "grin" had quited down, the Englishman answered:

"W'ite? Not 'im. E's a roan, an' we painted 'm to henter a race—bein' too well knowd natuly—halso, we painted 'm to cover hup w'ere 'is mothheten. An' he's our 'orse, an' we ain't borrowed 'im from ol' man Casey, neither."

A great light dawned on Jones—suppose The Boss found out! Suppose he found that he had paid a man to catch two crooks painting their own horse! Presently he sneaked off, praying that the incident might end there and then.

Next day, his time being up, he reported to Wiggins. He hadn't intended to tell about the horse he had found,

but The Boss was so sympathetic that before he knew it the story was out. The effect was magical.

"You poor bone-headed simp!" remarked Wiggins, with a ring of conviction in his voice. "You marble-topped Hick! Don't you ever read a paper? No? Well you're fired!—Get out! an' read this!" He put a paper in Jones' hand and helped him outside swiftly.

Half an hour later, seated on a bench in a park, Jones looked at the paper. It ran like this:

"$1000.00—REWARD—$1000.00

Above reward offered for information leading to return of Billy K, valuable pacer, stolen by band of Gypsies believed near Jaytown now. Horse may be known by one flank, which was slightly scorched in a recent stable fire, and looks motheaten."

"Now," said Jones, "Why d'he give me this yere? *I* ain't seen the horse—unless, yes, *by golly!* Mebbe them fellers was lyin' to me!"

James M. Plummer, '17.

The Spirit of France.

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE is incarnate in the peasant class, especially the women. The nobility and higher ranks show the spirit to a certain degree, but it is the peasant woman who gives to us the true nobility, the sacrifice, and the patriotism of the French nation. Let us take an old peasant woman living somewhere in the South of France, her husband and sons being at the front. There she lives alone in a tiny cottage bordered by a few acres which she tills. Is there not a certain nobility about this woman, peasant though she be? Day after day toiling in the fields; walking many weary miles to sell her wares and longing and praying for her son's return, she lives on. But do you never hear a word of complaint? No, never. The old woman toils on with her wrinkled hands and bent back at tasks that would tax a strong man, but she never utters a word against her hard lot. She will sacrifice her life, her home and her men for the good of France. This old woman is just an example of other French peasants. This class represents the patriotic, self-sacrificing and noble attitude of the French in the present critical times. This is the spirit of France.

Jane H. Cabaniss, '18.

Billy's Decision.

BILLY THORNE had graduated from one of the largest prep-schools in the country. He had been a star all round man there, specializing in foot-ball. In his last year he had been chosen captain by one of the best elevens that that institution had ever turned out. But, whereas he himself played a star game, the team was a general disappointment. It lacked the "punch," the drive, that is necessary for a winning team. In every man there is a dormant power that can be awakened by another man's inspiration or personality. The captain of a team is there to inspire his men to abnormal ability; but Billy lacked this power of inspiration and, altho a star individual player, was a failure as a captain, causing the team to be a failure.

Nevertheless the enrollment of Thorne in any of the colleges was looked upon by the coaches as an athletic plum. Billy finally decided to cast his lot with Marue, as this was ranked among the larger colleges in athletics and had no one year rule.

He made the team and played a good, consistant game at half back, although his work was not spectacular; he was handicapped by greenness.

The next year his work was up with that of any man in the country. He saved many a game by a brilliant run the last few minutes of play. He was certain to make the all-American team, and, as most teams usually pick for captain the best player, with no thought to their powers of leadership, the wiseacres all conceded him that position in his graduating year.

When I entered college the next year, it was my good fortune to room with Thorne. He and I grew to be very good friends and he used to confide in me. One day he appeared very much worried and after constant dogging he unburdened himself. He showed me a letter from his girl, Dolly Harte, in answer to his proposal. Her reply was that she would marry him if he became captain.

Billy worried himself sick for the whole week before the election of captain. He knew that he had no business accepting the nomination, as he wasn't a leader. His prep-school record testified to that. He kept thinking "Must I accept the nomination and win Dolly, or decline and let the college win fame?"

He went to the banquet that night with his decision still unmade. But when Tommy Vaughn, the peppery end, jumped up and said, "I nominate Thorne for captain," then Thorne made up his mind. He in turn rose and said, "I appreciate the honor, but knowing I am unfit for the position, I nominate Vaughn."

He went home that night looking as if he had lost his best friend. But he was the happiest looking man in the morning that I had ever seen. When I asked him the reason of his happiness, he showed me the following telegram:

DEAREST BILLY:

I knew you would do the right thing and decline the nomination. Never mind what I said the first of the year. Buy the ring. Yours, DOLLY.

Page Rees, '17.

P. H. S. at V. P. I.

THE ALUMNI of the Petersburg High School at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute have organized a Petersburg Club through which, as a medium, it is hoped to draw V. P. I. closer to Petersburg and to draw more students from the "Cockade City." There are only a few cadets at V. P. I. from Petersburg this year, but we hope to receive a greater proportion of the graduates of old P. H. S. in the future.

The Petersburg Club consists of all the former P.H.S. students at the Virginia Tech. They are Instructor Marion Clifford Harrison (President), Major Earle R. McKesson (Sec. and Treas.), Frank Buchanan, cadet Walter A. Buchanan, cadet Thomas Wells, cadet Edward L. Traylor, and Archie Gray Smith.

We, the members of this club, feel that Petersburg should send more students to V. P. I. We feel that V. P. I. can cope with any institution of its kind in this section of the country. Reports and records show that this institution is increasing in popularity, in scope and in popularity year after year; our graduates never fail to take their place in the race for success, and they not only hold their own, but year after year gradually gain ground on the graduates from other colleges.

The purpose of this article is to let the students at the Petersburg High School know that their alumni are interested in them, their school and their city, and we seek the co-operation of the student body there in bringing old V. P. I. before the minds of every prospective college boy. We ask that every boy who is contemplating a

college career secure a catalogue of this institution, either through their representatives here or from the Registrar of the Institute. We want every boy to feel at liberty to ask for any information or to secure any advice about a college career from the Petersburg Club at V. P. I.

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD D. TRAYLOR.

WHY NOT MIX THEM?

O'Brien—"There's only one thing Oi have against liquor:"

Mike—"An' phwat's that, O'Brien?"

O'Brien—"Shure, if Oi dhrink beer, Oi get full before Oi'm dhrunk, an if Oi dhrink whiskey, Oi get drunk before Oi'm full"

"They have four bath rooms in their house and—"

"Why there ain't four Saturday nights in one week," exclaimed Old man Greenhorn.

Bold Youth—"If I should ksss you how would you take it!"

Hesitating Girl—"Why–er–how do you generally give them?"

Ethel—"Mama seems to like Guy—I wonder why?"

Fanny—"He mistook her for you one night."

An elderly German and his wife were much given to quarreling. One day after a quarrel the old woman said, with a sigh:

"Vell, I wish I vas in heafen."

"I vish I vas in a beer garden," shouted her husband.

"Och, Jo," cried the old wife, "always you try to pick out the best for yourself."

Landlady—"What did the poet mean when he said, 'The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen?'"

Boarder—"Hash, probably!"

STAFF.

G. Spooner Dunn, '17 ..... Editor-in-Chief

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Florence Couch, '17 ..... Alumni Editor
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J. Curtis Lyons, '17 ..... Joke Editor
Ruth Ellis, '18 ..... Art Editor

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Petersburg has entered upon an era of progress. It has certainly needed something to stimulate it. There are lots of citizens who are continually knocking our city's non-progressiveness, and who do a lot of harm

by their lack of local pride. They point out Richmond and other cities who have better facilities as being what Petersburg should be. But now our rather slow progress has been stimulated by the location of the duPont Powder Works near this city, and by the almost magic development of Hopewell, the mushroom city. This infant town had to rely mostly upon Petersburg for supplies until it got upon its feet. Even then a large amount of trade was carried on, and is still, between the two cities. Petersburg merchants have greatly enlarged their business and many large concerns have established branches here. The population of the city has greatly increased and the revenue also. The city has become prosperous enough to bring about several needed improvements to the city, paving of streets and building new schools, and a large sum of money has been appropriated for the building of a great bridge from the city to Colonial Heights. Real estate values have soared and everything seems on the boom. We have good reason to be proud of our city and the knockers will have to hush.

The High School Book of the War

ERE LONG a pamphlet will be issued by the 3 B. Class of the High School entitled the "High School Book of the War." This pamphlet, edited by High School pupils, contains the causes of the war, the occasion which led up to it, as well as a correct and concise statement of the most important events up to date. By the middle of January the public will be able to obtain this book from almost any of the High School pupils or teachers,

and it may be on sale at the news stands. These pamphlets will be sold at a very low price and we feel sure it will be acknowledged that they are fully worth the price, especially when it is known that the proceeds from the sale will be used to purchase a printing press for the new High School.

That a printing press is quite necessary it is needless to say, for with all the foot-ball tickets, programs for commencement, conserts, or plays which have to be printed, not to mention the school magazine, THE MISSILE, we assure you that there is a great demand for it. Then, too, think of the practice the pupils will receive in setting up type, in reading proofs, and the other details of the printer's trade. Feeling certain that our members will agree with us in the necessity for a printing press and also in the worth of the pamphlet, which will be sold in order to get this article without having to ask the School Board for it, we beg that they will show their approval and encouragement by purchasing the little book.

23RD PSALM IN GEOMETEY.

Mr. Scott is my teacher. I will not pass.

He maketh me to explain hard propositions and exposeth my ignorance to the class.

He restoreth my sorrow.

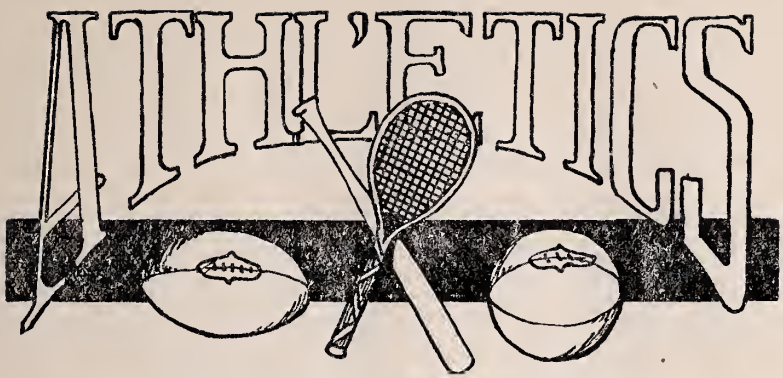
He causeth me to draw hard parallelograms for my class' sake.

Yea, though I study till midnight, I shall gain no knowledge, for originals trouble me.

He prepareth a test before me in the presence of the Seniors.

He giveth me a low mark.

Surely distress and sadness shall follow me in all the days of my course, and I shall remain in my gometry class forever.—*Exchange.*



WAVERLY 19—P. H. S. 6.

The second game with Waverly was played at Waverly, and any team that beats a Waverly bunch on their own grounds is going some. Our team did not break the rule and went down to defeat by the score of 19-6. The Waverly team used their superior weight to telling advantage and made most of their gains through the line. Rees had the misfortune to hurt his arm.

FARMVILLE 20—P. H. S. 7.

Our next game was on the home grounds, where we went down to inglorious defeat to the tune of 20-7 before the Prince Edward County lads. P. H. S. seemed to be stale and put up the worst game of the whole year. True, they were without the services of Rees the first half, but Drewry did well and ran the team with a cool head. Rees got back in the second half, as did Peebles, who was out with a hurt ankle.

At a recent meeting of last year's base ball letter-men, Chandler was electen Manager and Rahily Captain. The manager is already at work on the schedule and expects to finish it by the first of the year. Here's congratulations to the new officers and hopes for a successful season.

Girls' Athletics.

P. H. S. 20—L. H. S. 10.

The second game of the 1916 basket ball season for the P. H. S. was played here against the Lawrenceville High School team. The game was played in ten minute quarters and on the whole was the most interesting game of the season. The two teams were very evenly matched and we showed our ability in the first quarter by making the score in our favor. The best jumping center for Lawrenceville was hurt, so a substitute was put in her place. This helped us a great deal, and the in second and and third quarters our score "soared high." Many of our substitutes were put in, but so much determination and spirit were put in the game that the final score was 20 to 10 in our favor.

L. H. S. 9—P. H. S. 8.

Two weeks later we played a game in Lawrenceville against the same team. We had high hopes of winning this game, and if we had not had a little too much confidence in ourselves after winning the last game, we would have come nearer realizing our hopes. Moreover ,several of our good players were unable to go, and of course this was a great drawback to us. The teams played their very best in that game, and there was more enthusiasm and action in this one than any other the team has ever played. The result of the game was in doubt from the start, and to our great misfortune ended 9 to 8 in Lawrenceville's favor. You can judge from the score how very interesting the game must have been.

C. H. S. 28—P. H. S. 11.

On the following Tuesday week we played another game against the Chester High School team at the R. E. Lee School. We played quite well the first quarter, as the score was only 3 to 2 in their favor. We lost out, however, by taking out some of our best players in the third quarter to let them rest up for the last, and as they were not allowed to go back in, we had to finish the game with several substitutes. The forwards played excellently most of the time, tho' they lost several good field throws. The centers, too, especially Miss Lanier and Miss Stratton, held their places like "real Trojans," while the guards held down their opponets creditably. The score would not have been quite so bad if the teams had been more evenly matched. The final score was, Chester 28, P. H. S. 11.

SCHOOL NOTES.

In the early part of November we were visited by Mr. Hart, the superintendent of schools in Roanoke City. He gave us a very interesting talk and impressed it upon us to be good citizens. He also extended us a hearty welcome to visit the city of Roanoke.

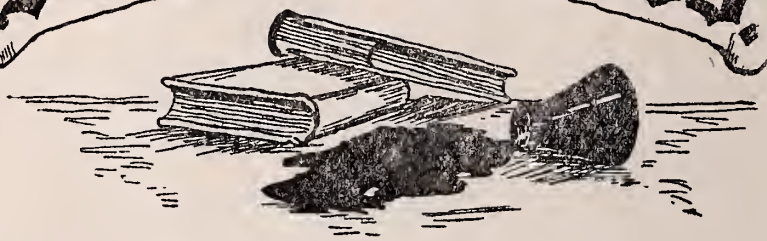
***

On November 23 we received a visit from Dr. Hall. Dr. Hall was a very fine talker, and told a number of amusing incidents, which kept the pupils laughing nearly all the time. Mr. Hall had traveled all over the United States. Mr. Hood, the pastor of Grove Avenue Baptist Church, accompained Mr. Hall. We hope they may arrange to visit us again.

***

The Rev. Mr. McClure, one of the preachers of this city that needs no introduction to the pupils, was a visitor here last month, and delighted the pupils with his practical talk, and humorous comments.

School Notes.



We wish to thank Miss Strachan for the books, a set of Dickens' and a set of Scott's works, which she has given to our library. This brings the number of books in the library up to a thousand, whereas, when Mr. Smithey left us, there were only five hundred.

***

The Literary Societies—Thomas Nelson Page and John W. Daniel—met and elected new officers last month. They are as follows:

Thomas Nelson Page Literary Society.

President—Joseph Chandler.
Vice President—Anna Hobson.
Secretary—Russell Young.
Treasurer—Joseph Mason.
Marshal—J. Curtis Lyons.
Faculty Advisor—Miss Roper.
Critic—Miss Thomas.

John W. Daniel Literary Society.

President—Sallie Purdy.
Vice-President—John H. Mann.
Secretary—Alice McCracken.

Treasurer—Willis Lipscomb.
Marshal—Pat. Peebles.
Faculty Advisor—Miss Segar.
Critic—Miss Buhrman.

***

Mr. Martin has visited us quite a number of times. He conducts the exersises for the assembly every Monday morning. On one occassion he told us all about the new High School. He told us how the money was finally gotten to build the magnificent structure that he pictured to us. The building is to be white, and that alone will make it very noticeable as well as very ornamental to our city.

***

Dr. Bryan, of Grace Episcopal church, spoke to us during one of our assemblies in November.

***

We are greatly indebted to Mr. Freas for the lectures interspersing our French lessons (4 B) during the past month. The topics are slightly off the subject of French, but are nevertheless very interesting. Among them are the following: "Court Manners and How to Attain Them," "How to Get Fat off of Bulgarian Buttermilk," "Sketches from the Life of Queen Victoria," "Indigestion," "Extracts from the Life of Madame DuBarry and Madame Pompadour," "Gout," "The Court of Francis XV, "Theodore Roosevelt," "Love," "Inside Information about the Courts of the Czar and Kaiser," and "Rheumatism—*yours* and *mine*."

Seen, by several members of the Petersburg High School—Mr. Wolff at dancing school on Saturday night, Dec. 2nd. They would like to know if he is going to take lessons, because there are many of the ladies who would be delighted to dance with him.

***

Miss B. In II A English—"Mr. Sager, where does the sentence end?"

Mr. S.—"At the end of a comma."

***

Boys and Girls—The latest report is that Mr. Archibald Plummer is some song bird. Come to the Glee Club practice and hear him.

***

Wanted—A maxim silencer for the concrete mixer that is stationed on the grounds of this school.

***

Miss C.—"What is a forest?"

Mr. H.—"A batch of woods."

***

Wanted by Miss Buhrman: Some energy for Mr. C., of 2A English.

Miss C.—"Why are tar, pitch, and turpentine called naval stores?"

Mr. B.—"Because they are used in the navy."

***

Mr. S., of 2A History, thinks the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought on the Fourth of July, 1776.

***

Miss C.—"What was the name given to the new kind of orange produced by Webber's experiment?"

Mr. C.—"Orangeade."

***

Have you heard Mr. Seward say, "I want to go"?

***

Mr. A., translating in IV A German—"Laurella kisses no other than the one whose husband she will be."

***

Mr. Freas to IV A German class—"Beating improves three things, viz., a woman, a child and a dog."

***

Mr. T., in IV A Civics—"Mr. G., what is a reprieve?"

Mr. G.—"When a Governor begs somebody's pardon."

***

Mr. M., in III A English—"Mr. G., what did the Lord do on the fourth day?"

Mr. G.—"He planted all the seeds for all the flowers and plants."

***

Mr. M., in III B English—"Parse the word *have* in the line."

Miss B.—"Well, really, I don't think Shakespeare knew what he was talking about when he wrote that!"

Mr. F.—"You know Harrison only lived a few years after he died." We can't believe it!

***

In III B.—"Miss Y., what are the principal parts of the verb *to hang*?"

Miss Y., after thinking deeply—"Hing, hang, hung."

***

The III B Latin class objects very much to Mr. T.'s standing in front of the window during recitation, and thus cutting off their view of the destruction of the old seventh grade building.

***

Wanted by the IV B's; 1st: A chance to get even with Mr. T. for giving them a Latin test on the one day he was sure they were not expecting it.

2nd: A chance to get even with Mr. M. for not giving them an English test when he saw that they were studying for one.

***

Heard almost daily in room No. 23, at the 6th period:

"Why haven't you worked your Algebra, Mr. P.?"

"I thought maybe we'd have a test to-day."

***

The III B Geometry class wants to know if it is because they are especially *dumb* that they can't get originals, or were former classes in the same predicament?

***

ABSENT.

Are she gone?
Be she went?
Have her left I all alone?
Us can never go to she!
Her can only come to we!
Cannot was.

***

Mr. F., in IV B French, gives his idea of what is expected of a preacher. It is: *To run a hotel, bring up ten children on $440, and give his children a college education.*

***

The IIA class extends a hearty welcome to Mr. Carsons.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their
Harmony foretells!

Miss Fanny Smith, of class 1911, was married to Mr. Henry Cox Taylor, of Richmond, on November 29, 1916, at Tabb Street Presbyterian Church.

***

Our friend, "Flossie" Lane, of class 1916, has caught it too. What? Matrimony!

The invitations are out and on December the twenty-seventh, in St. John's Church, Mr. Malcombe Shaw Cheatham, of Durham, N. C., will be the fortunate young man.

***

The engagement of Miss Ruth Percival, of class 1911, to Mr. Whittle, of this city, has been announced. The wedding is to take place in early spring.

But Geraldine Gerald, of class 1916, triumphed over the sound of those alluring bells (for a while, at least,) and is teaching school in Ripplemeade.

***

Mr. Edwin Burgess, of class 1909, and graduate of Randolph-Macon College, has been appointed U. S. Vice-Consul at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

***

Petersburg High School is glad to know that Duckett Jones, of class 1916, succeeded in entering the third year class at V. M. I.

***

Agnes Stribling, of class 1913, and graduate of Harrisonburg Normal, is now teaching in that institution.

***

Who would think that Florence Belle Robertson, of class 1916, was domestically inclined? Well, she's attending the National Domestic Science and Art School in Washington, D. C.

***

Earle McKesson, of class 1912, who received his C. E. at V. P. I., has recently been appointed instructor in Mathematics and assistant commandant at that institution.

***

Edward Traylor, of class 1916, is continuing his studies at V. P. I.

***

Charles Gilliam, of class 1912, is studying at the U. of Pennsylvania to become an architect. You'd better hurry home, Mr. Gilliam, for, judging from the many marriages, there'll be plenty of work to do in the "Home Construction Line."

The Exchange Department this month is quite large, and the editor hopes that it will continue so. A hearty welcome is extended to them all.

AS WE SEE THEM.

Westward Ho! Western High School, Baltimore, Md. The cover of your magazine is very attractive.

Orange and Black, Hanover High School, Hanover, Pa. Your jokes and school notes are unusually good, but don't you think a few more stories would benefit your paper?

Lasell Leaves, Lasell Seminary, Boston, Mass. Your pictures add much to the attractiveness of your paper.

The Criterion, Waupaca High School, Waupaca, Wis. The story "No Rest for the Wicked," is very good.

The Student, Portsmouth High School, Portsmouth, Va. A fine paper! Congratulations!

The Virginian, Maury High School, Norfolk, Va. A good paper! You must have much talent in your school.

The Forum, High School, Mount Vernon, Ohio. Don't you think some *cuts* would improve your paper? Why not have all the advertisements in one place?

The Bayonet, Augusta Military Academy, Fort Defiance, Virginia. Your paper is very well planned. The cover is fine.

Aurora, Nome, Alaska. We are very glad to exchange with you. Your pictures and stories give us such a good idea of life in Alaska.

The Oracle, Woodberry Forest, Orange, Va. Your cuts add much to the attractiveness of your paper.

The John Marshall Record, Richmond, Va. A splendid magazine.

Episcopal High School, Alexandria, Va. "Dead on the Field of Honor" is a splendid article, and must enlist the sympathies of every one.

Richmond College Messenger, Richmond, Va. A paper to be proud of.

The Missile acknowledges with thanks the following magazines: *The Gleam*, Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minn.; *The Messenger*, Durham High School, Durham, N. C., *The Focus*, State Normal School, Farmville, Va.; *Lynchburg High School*, Lynchburg, Va., *The Quill*, Marion, Iowa; *The Record*, Staunton High School, Staunton, Va.; *The Iris*, Philadelphia High School for Girls, Pa.; *Humbolt Life*, Humbolt High School, St. Paul, Minn.; *The Scroll*, Washington High School, Milwaukee, Wis., *The Monthly Chronicle*, Alexandria, Va.; *The Stampede*, Havere, Montana; *Karux*, Phillipsburg High School, Phillipsburg, N. J.; *The Tu-Endie-Wei*, Point Pleasant, Va.; *The Future Citizen*, Milledgeville, Ga.; *The Virginia Guide*, Staunton, Va.; *Zonian*, Canal Zone High School.

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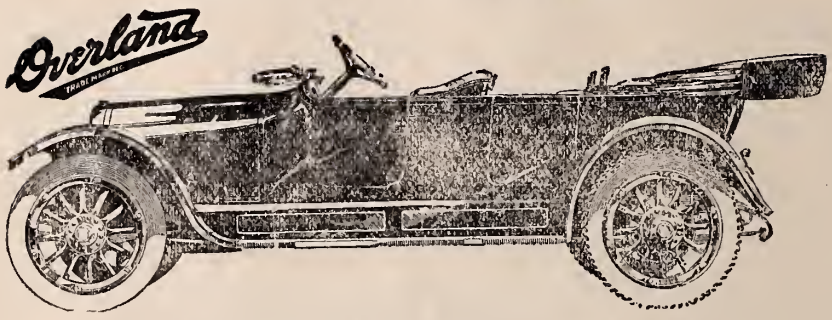

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